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# The Bold Pedlar and Robin Hood

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# THE BOLD PEDLAR AND ROBIN HOOD.

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THERE chanced to be a Pedlar bold,  
A Pedlar bold he chanced to be,  
He put his pack all on his back,  
And so merrily trudged o'er the lea.  
By chance he met two troublesome men,  
Two troublesome men they chanced to be,  
The one of them was bold Robin Hood,  
And the other was little John so free.  
O Pedlar, Pedlar, what is in thy pack,  
Come speedily and tell to me;  
I've several suits of the gay green silks,  
And silken bowstrings by two or three.  
If you have several suits of the gay green silk,  
And silken bowstrings two or three,  
Then by my body, cries little John,  
One half your pack shall belong to me.  
O nay, O nay, said the Pedlar bold,  
O nay, O nay, that never can be,  
For there's never a man from fair Nottingham,  
Can take one half my pack from me.  
Then the Pedlar he pulled off his pack,  
And put it a little below his knee,  
Saying, if you do move me one perch from this,  
My pack and all shall gang with thee.  
Then little John he drew his sword,  
The Pedlar by his pack did stand,  
They fought until they both did sweat,  
Till he cried, Pedlar, pray hold your hand.  
Then Robin Hood he was standing by,  
And he did laugh most heartily,  
Saying, I could find a man of smaller scale,  
Could thrash the Pedlar and also thee.  
Go you try, master, says little John,  
Go you try, master, most speedily,  
For by my body, says little John,  
I am sure this night you will know me.  
Then Robin Hood he drew his sword,  
And the Pedlar by his pack did stand,  
They fought till the blood in streams did flow,  
Till he cried, Pedlar, pray hold your hand.  
O Pedlar, Pedlar, what is thy name?  
Come speedily and tell to me,  
Come, my name I ne'er will tell,  
Till both your names you have told to me.  
The one of us is bold Robin Hood,  
And the other little John so free,

## THE TRYSTING TREE.

IN the days of old, when the forest and glade,  
To the hunter's hounds were free,  
The merry men rode thro' brake and glen,  
To meet at the trysting tree.  
And then was seen in Lincoln green,  
Full many a yeoman bold,  
With good yew bow for buck and doe,  
And they were of a stalwart mould;  
And loud and lasting was their glee,  
As they drank to the brave old trysting tree.  
At early dawn on merry May morn,  
The welkin ran with glee,  
And the villagers carried the queen of May  
To be crowned at the trysting tree.  
Bright eyes would glance in the joyous dance,  
And the merry pipe would sound,  
While the old man's tale, and the nut-brown ale,  
Would add to the mirth around;  
And the leaves would shake on the brave old tree,  
In joy at their rustic revelry.  
Young lovers have met 'neath his giant shade,  
When the curfew closed the day,  
And there has many a maiden prayed,  
For her loved one far away:  
Kings have died in their regal pride,  
And storms have swept the land,  
But the trysting tree, though old is he,  
Does still maintain his stand;  
And may he live another race to see,  
The brave, the rare old trysting tree.

## The Pedlar & Robin Hood, Continued,

Now says the Pedlar it lays to my good will,  
Whether my name I choose to tell to thee.  
I am Gamble Gold of the gay green woods  
And travelled far beyond the sea,  
For killing a man in my father's land,  
And from my country was forced to flee.  
If you are Gamble Gold of the gay green woods,  
And travelled far beyond the sea,  
You are my mother's own sister's son,  
What nearer cousins can we be.  
They sheathed their swords, with friendly words  
So merrily they did agree,  
They went to a tavern and there they dined,  
And cracked bottles most merrily.